

DWIGHT'S AMERICAN MAGAZINE, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

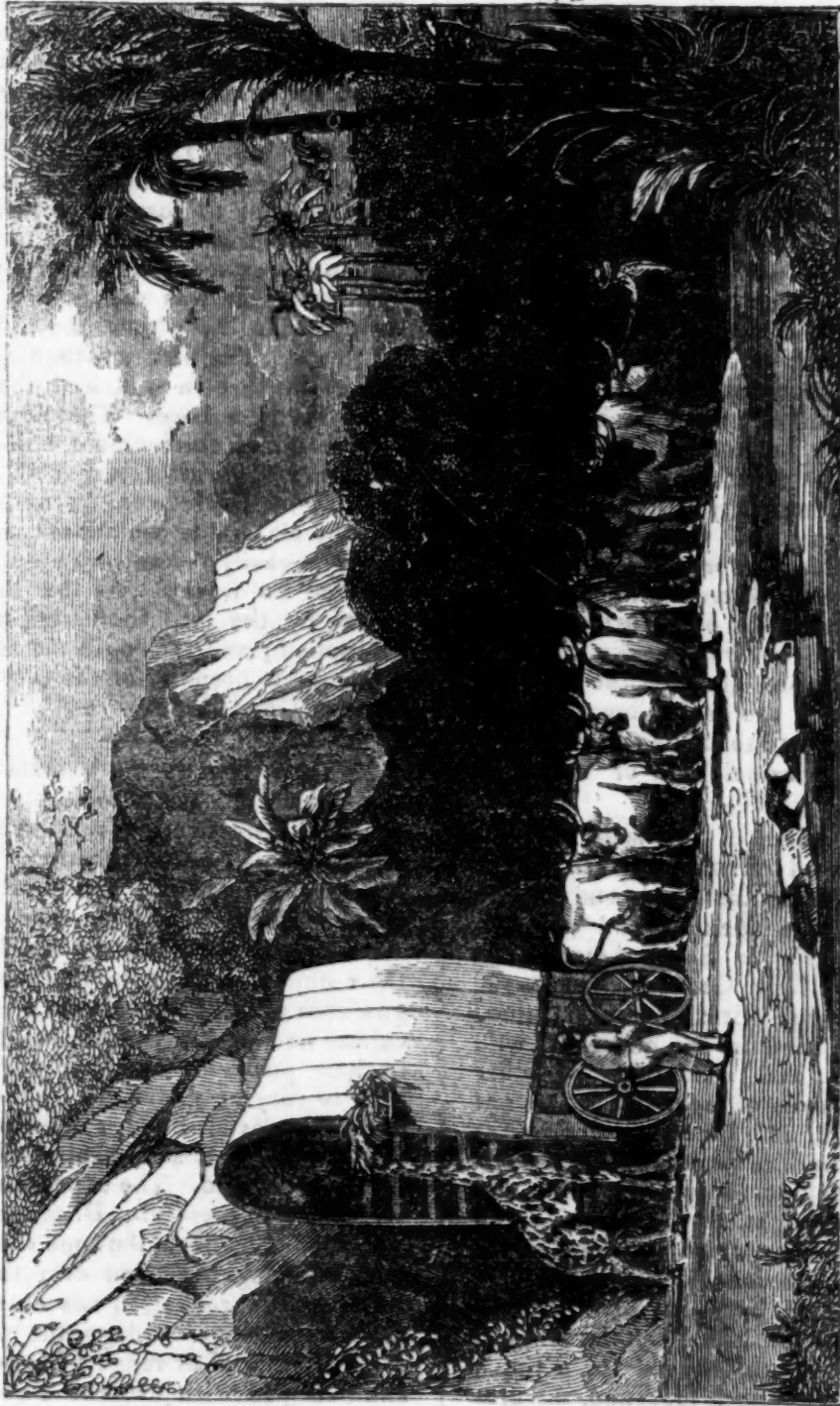
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TRANSPORTING THE CAMELOPARDS TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Manner of Catching, Taming and Transporting the Camelopards.

Our print represents a part of the grand procession, formed by the Camelopard expedition, on its return from the Kalliharry desert to the Cape of Good Hope. The scene is on the bank of a brook, at the verge of a plain, and at the base of one of the numerous ridges of mountains which the travellers had to pass. The wagon, with its extraordinary height, and the fine yoke of oxen by which it is draw, will give some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking so successfully performed, as it is a specimen of a long train of vehicles of similar dimensions appropriated to the same purpose: viz. the transportation of such of those rare and delicate animals as might prove unfit to perform the journey on foot, whether from youth or from disease. Numbers of them were carried in strong and tall vehicles of this description, over the great distance of about twelve hundred miles; while the strong were carefully led, and treated with care.

It was in a pleasant and shady spot that the hunting-party halted, after their long, toilsome and dangerous march, erected habitations for their shelter under the noble forest trees which grew on the place, and made other arrangements for a stay of several weeks. It was there, as we were informed the traveller that he made the experiment in lazoing horses; and to that spot he brought back the first camelopard of which he made a prize.

The first effect of the lazo, as it is commonly used on our western continent, is one of the most rude and violent description. In Mexico and even in Texas, as well as in South America, on the plains of New Granada, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, &c., trained horses are used in the chase of wild horses, oxen, and sometimes of other animals and even of men, and are taught to stand still, and brace themselves as soon as the cord is thrown by the master. The victim seldom escapes the noose, and is usually brought to the ground in an instant, with the utmost violence, as the other end of the lazo is secured to the saddle. A wild horse is sometimes severely injured or killed by the fall, but always stunned and choked for a time; and, before the rope is loosened, the cruel sportsman forces his powerful curb-

bit into his mouth, sits upon his back, then shakes the noose loose, and spurs him with his long rowels, until, after a long gallop across the plain, he sinks to the ground from exhaustion. Keeping his seat, he awaits returning animation; then galloping back to the place of starting, the horse ceases forever all signs of disobedience to his triumphant master.

But so delicate an animal as the Camelopard would never endure treatment like this; and happily our enterprising hunter in the Kalliharry desert had too much sense and humanity to practice it. His treatment of his prize was of the gentlest kind. Leading it back to the camp, he kept it confined with ropes only long enough to form a prison where bonds would be unnecessary to security, and soon devised the plan of a pit in the ground. This was dug, with a path left on one side, by which the animal was led down. The path was then dug away, the earth thrown out, and the laborer lifted out by a rope. The advantage of this mode of confinement will be obvious; and it was practised with success. The Camelopards were permitted to enjoy the air, and to look about, and there could be easily fed and watered, and yet suffered no injury. As the number of prizes by the lazo increased, pits were multiplied; and at length the season approached to prepare for the return to the Cape of Good Hope.

MEANS OF SAFETY FOR VESSELS IN DANGER.—An experiment took place on the Downs, illustrative of Mr. Carte's plan for effecting a communication between stranded vessels and the shore, or *vice versa*. The apparatus possesses the great merits of simplicity and portability. In the compass of little more than a large gun case are packed rockets of different calibre and power, capable in proportion to their power of carrying an attached rope to varying distances. This and an arm of grooved wood, somewhat longer and stouter than a musket stock, are all that are required. The experiments were strikingly successful. Distances being marked out by flags, the rope was thrown with unerring precision over the point indicated, the rocket, in one case, taking the line (a stout cordage, the thickness of a finger) a clear range of between 400 and 500 yds. with as true a course as a rifle ball would travel.—*London paper.*

Sign-Painting.

When a sign is to be lettered with gold or gilt letters, the face of the board, after being painted and smoothed, is to be varnished with copal varnish, before the letters are formed. The letters are drawn and painted with a composition called by painters "Gold sizing," which is prepared as follows:—Grind equal quantities of white lead and litharge, in a mixture of equal quantities of old fat linseed oil, copal varnish and spirits of turpentine. To this compound may be added a very minute quantity of chrome yellow, sufficient to bring the sizing nearly to a gold color. The oil for this purpose may be generally procured from the top of oil-paint that has been long standing in an open vessel. With this sizing, the letters, ruling and ornaments are formed, the sizing being applied with brushes or pencils, the same as common paint. When this sizing becomes hard, but yet not so perfectly dry but that a slight stickiness remains, the sized parts are covered with gold leaf, which is gently pressed down with a puff, or ball of raw cotton. The leaves of gold for this purpose, may be first laid on a piece of soft buff leather or sheepskin, and may be cut into convenient sized pieces, with a smooth edged knife. These pieces may then be conveyed to the work, and each piece placed where it is wanted, by means of a little block of wood, covered with fine flannel.

The most convenient shape for this block is that of a segment, about three inches long and three fourths of an inch thick; the strip of flannel being drawn over the straight side and the two ends thereof, tacked upon the curved part. The flannel, being occasionally rubbed on the hand, or on another piece of cloth, instantly acquires an electrical attractive property, sufficient to raise several pieces of the leaf in succession, and carry them to the sized work:—the block being slightly pressed on the leaf, the latter will adhere to the flannel, and may be carried to, and placed on, such part of the sizing, as its size and form will best fit. In this manner, the sized letters, or figures, are completely covered with the gold leaf, which will adhere to the sizing: the whole may then be rubbed over with cotton, and all the superfluous leaf will be brushed off, leaving the letters or figures entire. No varnish must be put on over

the gold leaf, as it would injure the appearance of it, without contributing to its durability; but gilt letters, or ornaments on carriages, sleighs or chairs, on which they are exposed to wear, must necessarily be varnished in order to preserve them.

Silver or brass leaf may be managed in the same manner, but neither of them will retain its lustre, unless it is protected by a coat of varnish. In the formation of letters, in sign-painting, very little instruction can be given. The shape and proportion of the letter depends on the taste and skill of the artist: but, in general, the perpendicular sections of capitals are made to swell at the top and bottom, more than those in types, and the horizontal lines and crosses are heavier. In calculating the size of letters—Roman or antique capitals,—which may be placed in a line, divide the length of the board by the number of letters in the line, and take three-quarters of the quotient for the height, or vertical length of the letters. When a V or W succeeds an A or L, the two letters may stand closer than in type work: and, on the other hand, when an I succeeds H, or is succeeded by L, the space between should be greater than in types. By the observance of these and similar rules, the proportion and balance of the line of letters may be made far superior to those of printed words.—*Sci. American.*

PATENT DRY BRICK MACHINE.—The machine for making bricks, from dry clay, invented by Mr. T. Culbertson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, must undoubtedly produce an entire revolution in the art of brick-making. It is simple in construction, strong, and has but few wearing surfaces, requiring but little power to work, and but few hands to tend it. It is self-feeding and self-delivering, and operates with certainty and accuracy, and is so arranged, that by a slight alteration of the moulds alone, bricks, of any desired size and shape, may be made, for paving, building arches, lining cisterns, &c., and will throw off upwards of 3,000 good, smooth, firm bricks, per hour.—*N. Y. Express.*

In Peru there are now sixteen mines of silver and forty-two of copper, worked, mostly, by American and English companies.—*SEL.*

Nest of the White Ant.*(Concluded from page 346.)*

The outward shell, or dome, is not only of use to protect the interior buildings from external violence and heavy rains, but to collect and preserve a regular supply of heat and moisture, which seems indispensable for hatching the eggs and rearing the young ones.

The royal chamber, occupied by the king and queen, is manifestly considered of the most consequence, being always situated as near the centre of the interior building as possible, and generally upon a level with the surface of the ground, at a pace or two from the hillock. Its interior shape nearly resembles half an egg, or an obtuse oval, not unlike a long oven. In the infant state of the colony it is scarcely an inch in length, but it is enlarged as the queen increases in bulk, until it reaches the length of about eight inches.

Its floor is perfectly horizontal, and about an inch thick; the roof is generally of the same solidity, being formed of one well-turned oval arch; the doors are made level with the floor, equidistant from each other, and just large enough to admit a labourer, but not to permit the exit of their majesties, who are imprisoned for life.

In a large hillock, the royal chamber is surrounded by numberless others of different shapes and dimensions, all of them arched either ovally or circularly; these communicate with one another by means of passages, and are the waiting-rooms for the attendants employed in removing the eggs of the queen; they also lodge the soldiers engaged in the defence of the colony.

Next to these are the magazines, in which are deposited the inspissated exudations and juices of trees, of various colours and consistency. Intermixed with the magazines are the nurseries, differing totally in construction from any other part of the building being composed of raspings of wood cemented with gum. They are compact, and divided into many very irregularly-shaped chambers, not one of which is half an inch wide. The nurseries are enclosed in chambers of clay; they are placed at first near the royal cell, but as the queen enlarges, they are removed to a distance, in order that room may be made for her increasing wants. In the early state of the hill, these nur-

sery-chambers are not bigger than a hazlenut; but as it advances, they become enlarged to the size of a child's head.

The intervention of these various cavities is well calculated to regulate the temperature of the interior. There are also large subterraneous galleries, to which the Roman sewers are not to be compared, when the size of the worker is taken into account. Some of these are thirteen inches in the bore, extending more than a hundred yards under ground, and forming the great thoroughfares of the community. The tender body of the termites, compared with the armour-like integument of their mortal enemies the ants, makes it necessary for them thus to conceal themselves in their covered roads.

These galleries wind spirally up to the top of the hill. By this contrivance the ascent is rendered easier to an insect toiling under its load. Let us only conceive a man carrying a heavy weight up a ladder two thousand eight hundred and eighty feet, and we shall have some notion of the labour saved by inclining the ascent. The distance too is shortened by another ingenious contrivance: an arch is thrown from one frequented spot to another; and one of these when measured has been found to be ten inches in length, half an inch in width, and one fourth of an inch in thickness; and, according to Smeathman, it was not excavated, but projected from one point to another. It would be curious to know the site of these arches in different hills, as proving how far they might or might not be varied with the exigencies of each community.

It is related of the celebrated conqueror Timour, that, being once forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building, he sat alone many hours: desirous of diverting his mind from his hopeless condition, he fixed his observation upon an ant which was carrying a grain of corn (probably a pupa) larger than itself, up a high wall. Numbering the efforts that it made to accomplish this object, he found that the grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the seventieth time it reached the top of the wall. "This sight," said Timour, "gave me courage at the moment, and I have never forgotten the lesson it conveyed."

The Jesuit Dobrizhoffer, in his History of the Abiphoes, gives the following

very singular account of the ravages of ants known in Paraguay. He furnishes no means of ascertaining the species whose proceedings he describes. "The largest ants which I had an opportunity of seeing are formidable on account of their undermining buildings. They make burrows, with infinite labour, under churches and houses, digging deep, sinuous meanders in the earth, and exerting their utmost strength to throw out the loosened sods. Having got wings, they fly off in all directions, on the approach of heavy showers, with the same ill fortune as Icarus, but with this difference, that he perished in the sea, they on the ground, to which they fall when their wings are wetted by the rain. Moreover those holes in the earth by which the ants used first to pass admit the rain-water, which inundates the caves of the ants, and undermines the building, causing the wooden beams, that uphold the wall and roof, first to give way, and, unless immediately supported, to fall along with the house. This is a common spectacle in Paraguay. The whole hill on which St. Joachim was built was covered with ant-hills, and full of subterranean cavities. Our house and the one adjoining suffered much from these insects. The chief altar was rendered useless for many days; for, it being rainy weather, the lurking ants flew in swarms from their caves, and not being able to support a long flight, fell upon the priest, the altar, and sacred utensils, defiling everything. Ten outlets by which they broke from their caves being closed up, next day they opened twenty more. One evening there arose a violent storm, with horrible thunder and lightning. A heavy shower seemed to have converted our court-yard into a sloping lake, the wall itself withstanding the course of the waters. My companion betook himself to my apartment. Meantime, an Indian, the churchwarden, arrived, announcing that the floor of the church was beginning to gape, and the wall to open and be inclined. I snatched up a lamp and ran to the place, but had hardly quitted the threshold of my door, when I perceived a gap in the earth; and, before I was aware of any danger, sunk up to the shoulders in a pit, in the very place of the chief altar, but scrambled out of it, by the help of the churchwarden, as quickly as I had got in, for under that altar the ants seemed to have made their

metropolis: the cavern was many feet long and wide, so that it had the appearance of a wine-cellar. As often as earth was thrown in by the Indians to fill it, so often was it dug out by the ants. In this universal trepidation, all the Indians were called to prop the gaping wall of the church with rafters and planks. The greatness of the danger rendered it impossible to remain quiet, whatever arts were adopted. That same night I removed from my apartment, which was joined to the church with the same beams and rafters, in such a manner, that if one fell, the other could not avoid being involved in the ruin. I have read that in Guiana, rocks and mountains have been undermined, walls thrown down, and people turned out of their habitations by ants, which I can easily believe, having myself witnessed similar or even more incredible events. (See vol. ii. p. 28.)

"In Paraguay I was made thoroughly acquainted with the powers of ants. They are weak, and compared with many other insects, diminutive, but numbers, labour, and unanimity render them formidable, and endow them with strength superior to their size. In the plains, especially those near the Paraguay, I have seen ant-hills, like stone pyramids, three or more ells high, with a broad base, and composed of a solid material as hard as stone: these are the storehouses and castles of the ants, from the summits of which they discern sudden inundations, and safely behold the floating carcasses of less industrious animals. Elsewhere I have seen an immense plain, so covered with low ant-hills, that the horse could not move a step without stumbling. In the plains you may often observe a broad path, through which it would appear the legions of Xerxes might have passed. The Spaniards hollow out these pyramidal heaps, and use them for ovens, or reduce them to a powder, which, mixed with water, serves admirably to floor houses. Pavements of this kind resemble stone in appearance and hardness, and are said to prevent the breeding of fleas and other insects. But hear what mischief ants commit within doors. They flock in a long and almost endless company to the sacks of wheat, and in a journey uninterrupted by day or night (if there be a moon), carry off by degrees some bushels. They will entirely strip fruit trees of their leaves.—*Nat. History.*

Malta and its Islands.

These islands are three in number; namely, Malta, the largest—Gozo, the next in size—and the islet of Comino, interposed between Malta and Gozo. Altogether they scarcely exceed in superficies an island of a hundred miles in circumference; and, being of the same formation, population, and history, are commonly spoken together by the name of Malta. Small as they are, circumstances have given them in past times a celebrity, surpassed by few spots on the globe; and at the present time they possess, in the hands of England, a degree of political importance which renders them objects of interest in America as well as in Europe.

The Maltese Islands are in a line between Sicily and Barbary; and, politically speaking, they have belonged sometimes to Europe and sometimes to Africa. At the present time their language is Arabic, and their religion Roman Catholic. Their productions and physical condition, in like manner, partake of both continents.

Some geologists have imagined that Gozo alone had been separated from Sicily in some old convulsions of the earth's surface, and was of different origin from Malta. But this idea is negatived by the fact, not only of the close juxtaposition of Gozo and Malta; but, what is more decisive, the identity of the matter of which all the islands are composed.

Malta, speaking for the three, is a rock of soft limestone, of that sort which some writers designate by the name of calcareous tufa. It is of a white color, a little inclined to buff, and is so soft that the blocks are commonly hewn into shape with a kind of axe made for this particular purpose. It is also easily wrought into vases and other ornamental forms; but these are very fragile, and the stone is of course too soft for statuary. Besides being so soft and easily wrought, it is also very light, and therefore handled with facility.

These qualities of the rock of which Malta is composed give to the Maltese a building stone of great beauty and convenience. Hence, not only did the Knights of St. John have at hand a rock easily excavated, cliffs readily cut into ramparts and redoubts, and stones for the masonry of their walls, so as to enable them to build without difficulty those

vast fortifications which are the admiration of every beholder for their magnitude and strength; but they were incited by the same fact, for the construction of the massive and regular edifices, and the well-paved streets of their beautiful city of Valetta. Nay, the very huts of the peasantry in the country are made of well squared blocks of beautiful stone, which might well beset the proudest palaces.

On the surface of the rock the Maltese have obtained and preserved, by time and care, a thin layer of cultivable earth of great fertility. The soil is partly composed of the broken fragments and the dust of the rock itself, mixed with vegetable matter, and in part of earth imported from Sicily; for there is no portion of the human race exceeds the Maltese in patient industry. This thin coating of soil is fertilized by the rains and by vegetable or other manure. It is preserved from being dried up under the hot sun of the south by the porous nature of the rock on which it reposes, and which absorbs and holds from the sun the moisture which falls from the sky. And it is guarded against being gullied and washed away in floods of rain by being formed into small inclosures of stone wall; and if the spot be of broken surface, by stone-wall terraces; and here again the peculiar qualities of the rock of the island come in play.

Of all this the effect is that Malta is an island of extreme fertility and productiveness. In Malta, as in Holland, human industry has enabled the inhabitants to prosper apparently against great natural disadvantages. Thus the naked rock of Malta has been made to produce greater crops, and to sustain more human beings relatively than any other portion of Europe. Of course in such a soil there can be few trees, and no large ones. They are all garden trees. The oranges and figs of Malta especially are of great excellence. But the crop consists chiefly of cotton and corn. The cotton is of a quality greatly inferior to ours both in staple and in color. Much of it is of a tawny color, some specimens of which have been cultivated in the United States by way of experiment; but thus far not with such results, I believe, as to have rendered it an object of extensive cultivation. Still it finds a market in some parts of the Mediterranean.

The circumstances which I have stated

give to Malta a most peculiar aspect. The island has two cities, that of Valetta, which is the seaport and capital, and that of Citta Vecchia, in the centre of the island. It contains also a number of villages, each of which is called a Casal; as Casal Zebbug, Casal Lia, Casal Guida, and the rest. All these are built, as I have said, like the dwellings of the peasantry, of the whitest calcareous stone of the island; and Valetta as a city is very beautiful, and its harbor gives an aspect of animation and variety. But go out of Valetta into the country, while you see no trees, except in occasional gardens to enliven the picture, you find that every dwelling-house by the road side is a naked cubical little box of stone, without either chimney or (for the most part) window; for the inhabitants were so long exposed to the ravages either of Moor or Christian, according as one or the other possessed the island, that every hut is literally a little castle of massive masonry. And when I ascended to the roof of the Cathedral of Citta Vecchia, and looked down upon the island, its chequer-board surface of stone walls, and its naked soil, with the uniformity of its structures, were a spectacle of sad monotony such as I had never before beheld.

And while the surface of Malta, and the condition and pursuits of its inhabitants are modified in so many particulars by the geological character of the island, from the same fact arises much that is curious in the state of things underground. For not only do natural grottoes and caverns in the rocks abound, but also excavations either wholly artificial or enlargements of natural passages. They bear the name of catacombs, which perhaps is appropriate enough. At any rate, the extensive caverns which I visited under Citta Vecchia exhibited indubitable evidence of having been employed, probably at some period of very remote antiquity, in the time of the Phenicians or Carthaginians, as places of sepulture; though it may be true, also, as tradition avers, that they have since served as places of refuge to the early Christians. And I believe that extensive excavations for military purposes form a part of the works constructed by the Knights of St. John.—*C. Cushing.*

Have the courage to make a will, and a just one.—*SEL.*

Family Government.

Keep your boys [and girls too] in the house evenings, if they are exposed to bad or doubtful companions.—This is a duty which many parents seem to overlook. If they can get rid of the noise of their boys, and be left to pursue their vocations in peace, they do not stop to inquire where the children are, or are easy, as they are in the next street, playing with the other boys. But oh, how often it is, that in this way is laid the foundation of vices which mar the future character, which in their progress destroy both body and soul. Here, away from parental restraint, always commences the first oath.

I once asked a boy who was conversant with these scenes, but who had not got so far advanced in evil as some of his companions whether there was much swearing in the streets? He replied 'some.' I asked further, is there more swearing in the day time than in the evening? Without hesitation he answered, 'in the evening.' This was as I suspected. I asked him why it was so! He replied he did not know. I presume it was a subject on which he had not reflected, and only spoke the fact as it was recalled to his mind by the question. But I could not help thinking that the darkness of evening, the greater number which collected together, and the feeling that they are then more secure from the observation of others, is the cause that these night gatherings are particularly unfavorable to the morals of our youth. How can parents, who have the least regard to the morals of their children, suffer them to be exposed to such baneful influences? Better would it be for their own families, and the community at large, if they would devote the evenings to their children, though other things should be neglected.

[Selected.]

POPULAR FALLACIES.—That dress makes the gentleman.

That youth will never fade.

That good manners are often wasted.

That glory pays the cost.

That yellow fever crowns volunteers with glory.

That trash will pass for sense.

That goodness and cleverness always ally. That honor belongs to thieves.

That the thunder does the damage.—*Irving Banner.*



THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

This cut is quite too small to give any adequate idea of the aspect, or at least of the impression of this fine tree, so distinguished for its interesting associations. It is very remarkable that it is found growing naturally in only one limited region in the world, although it may be introduced, without much difficulty, into many other countries.

The pines, cedars and larches have their seeds contained in husky cones, of various sizes, with some of which most of us are familiar. They have very small and slender leaves, most of which are evergreen, except the larches, to which division belongs the tree above depicted. The leaves of an evergreen fall every year, like those of other trees. They do not remain unchanged, as a superficial observer might presume, from its unchanging appearance. The old leaves remain until the young ones have grown, and then gradually fall, when their loss is perceptible to an observer. Whoever has walked in our pine woods must recollect, that the ground is covered with a coat of the brown leaves of the past seasons.

One of the most admired objects in the Garden of Plants in Paris, is a large cedar of Lebanon, growing on the side of the little hill of the Observatory. In Renfrewshire, in Scotland, this tree has been common for many years; and we have been informed that there is a tradition, that the two oldest specimens still survive, and were planted about seven hundred years ago, by soldiers returned from the Crusades.

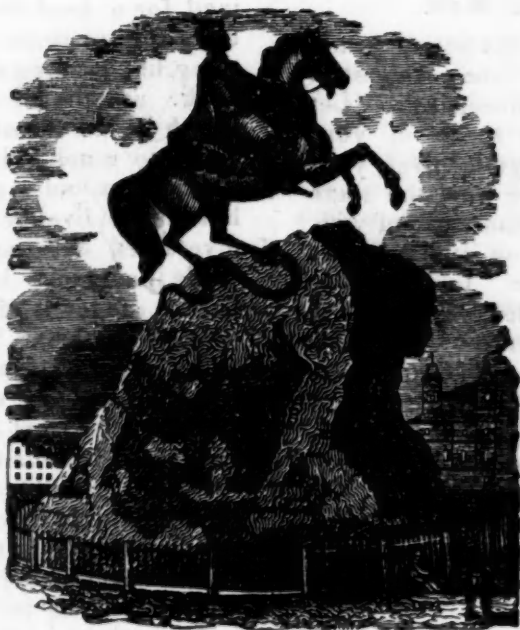
We cannot but hope, that a considerable number of these interesting trees may be at this moment growing in different parts of our own country, as we have heard of a number of seeds brought or sent to America by travellers in Syria.

We were favored, some time ago, by one of our devoted and learned missionaries, (the Rev. Mr. Beadle,) with several cones, obtained by him on a visit to Mount Lebanon, and have distributed most of the seeds among our subscribers and other friends, some, from which we have information, we know have grown; and we have one now before us, about three years old, which, though small, is very vigorous, and is putting out new leaves, in the peculiar manner of the tribes, in great abundance.

It is impossible for a reader of the Bible to look upon this plant without deep and peculiar interest. More use is made of it in the Scriptures as an emblem, than of any other, in the whole vegetable kingdom; and it is the subject of many of the most instructive and affecting, as well as the most beautiful figurative passages in the sacred volume. What more appropriate plant for the Christian's eye! Since they may be reared in our own yards and gardens, or at least in our own green houses, how well worth our pains will it be to multiply them around us! When we look upon their form, we see an emblem chosen by God to represent the beauty and steady development of that character, which we should daily and hourly be occupied in forming, and be admonished to "grow like the cedar of Lebanon."

There are prating coxcombs in the world, who would rather talk than listen, although Shakspeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme.

There are some truths, the force and validity of which we readily admit, in all cases except our own; and there are other truths so self-evident that we dare not deny them, but so dreadful that we dare not believe them.—LACON.



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

This gigantic, and almost colossal work is equally admired as a specimen of art and an appropriate monument. History has not transmitted to us any other character to which a parallel can be found in all points with Peter, the father of Russian greatness. In reading his life we find almost as much to wonder about as to admire; and unhappily, too much to disapprove and lament. Taking his education, and the numerous evil influences around him into account, we cannot, indeed, be surprised that he should have had great faults and even some vices; and yet, when we contemplate some of the scenes in which he most disgraced himself, we are tempted to lose sight of the circumstances which form the chief apologies for him. There are few personages, perhaps, of whom we ought to be more carefully on our guard, and continually to exercise discrimination.

One of the most favourable lights in which we can contemplate the life and character of Peter, is in contrast with some of the other most distinguished and admired men; and a general resemblance between the statue depicted above, and the spirited representation of Buonaparte crossing the Alps, remind us of some of the fundamental differences between the two originals.

Peter devoted his life to the improvement of his countrymen, and limited his views to his own country; while Buonaparte constantly kept his eyes fixed on

other nations, and almost ruined France by endeavoring to make her queen of Europe. Napoleon spent his life in conquering foreign people by force. Peter devoted himself to training the minds, the habits and the condition of his own subjects. The former placed himself, from the first, at the head of those who destroyed life: the latter began by submitting himself to severe, long-continued and even what many call degrading labor, that he might learn the noble art of teaching and leading millions of ignorant and miserable Russians, to knowledge and habits which would elevate their minds and increase their happiness.

We cannot pretend to claim for Peter such pure motives as we love to ascribe to Washington: but we may be justified in preferring him, as a disinterested patriot, to many other favorites of history.

We have before given our readers some of the most important particulars respecting the history of the fine monument of art above represented, and the personage to whose honor it was erected; and may therefore refer our readers to some of our preceding numbers, (see vol. ii. p. 577, 644.)

Persecuting bigots may be compared to those burning lenses which Leuhenhoeck and others composed from ice; by their chilling apathy, they freeze the suppliant; by their fiery zeal, they burn the sufferer.—LACON.

Whisper to a Wife.

In the matrimonial character, gentle lady, no longer let your fancy wander to scenes of pleasure and dissipation.—Let home be now the sole scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let home be now the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, mother and mistress, you strive to set and shine with splendor. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centred. And beyond the spreading trees that shadow and shelter your mansion, gentle lady, let not your fancy wander. Leave to your husband to distinguish himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home—and let the applause of your God, your children, and your servants, weave for your brow a never fading chaplet.

An ingenious writer says—"If a painter wished to draw the finest object in the world, it would be the picture of a wife, with eyes expressing the serenity of her mind, and a countenance beaming with benevolence; one lulling to rest on her arm a lovely infant, the other employed in presenting a moral page to another sweet baby, who is listening to the words of truth and wisdom from its incomparable mother."

I think there is something very lovely in seeing a woman overcome those little domestic disquiets which every mistress of a family has to contend with, sitting down to her breakfast table in the morning with a cheerful countenance, and promoting innocent and pleasant conversation, among her little circle. But vain will be her amiable efforts at pleasure unless she is assisted by her husband and other members around; and truly it is an unpleasant sight to see a family, instead of enlivening the quiet scene with a little good humored chat, sitting like statues, as if each is unworthy the attention of the other. And then, when a stranger comes in, O dear, such smiles, animation and loquacity. "Let my lot be to please at home," says the poet; and truly I cannot help feeling a contemptible opinion of those persons, young or old, male or female, who lavish their good humor or pleasantry in company, and hoard up sullenness and silence for the sincere, loving group which compose their fireside.

PLEASURES OF READING—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imag-

ined for a hard-working man after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting paper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier and gayer and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if what he has been reading be anything above the idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation—something he can enjoy while absent and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir J. Herschell.*

THE HUGUENOT CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

—The French Protestant church is one of the oldest in the city of New York. Makemie preached in it 1707, after his acquittal, when persecuted by that profligate high-churchman Lord Cornbury. A controversy arose at one time in the congregation with respect to the minister, Mr. Rou, and the royal Governor Burnet decided in his favour, and this caused the Delanceys and others to join the Episcopal denomination. When the congregation ceased to be supplied by a French Presbyterian minister, we do not know; but it seems that at an early period the French church at New Rochelle petitioned the English Society for Propagating the Gospel to send them a minister. For a number of years, the French church in New York has been in possession of the Episcopalians—the old lot has been sold, and an elegant and costly building erected. The French language is used altogether in the public services.

Blackberries are always red when green.

My Bible.

My parents were professors of religion of the old puritan stamp; they read the Bible, they taught me to read it. Before I was twelve years of age I had read the Bible more than once through; it was my one book, chiefly because I had few others besides my spelling book and New England Primer. I loved reading, and the Bible served as a historical as well as a religious book. While now writing I distinctly remember some impressions and thoughts made on my mind while reading the Bible at that age. From 16 to 24 it was much neglected; at 26 I experienced religion; it became a new and interesting book to me; I read it with wonder and astonishment, in tears, in sorrow, and in joy, in hope, and sometimes almost in despair; it was my companion by night and by day. Under my pillow I often placed it, as the last thing I did before I laid me down, save commending myself into the hands of Him who never sleeps. I read it through again and again, especially from Psalms to Revelation; it revealed the secrets of my heart.

It "was a discerner of the thoughts and intents of it," it divided soul and spirit, joints and marrow, it laid my whole heart naked and open before me, it was my chart, my compass, my pilot, guide and bosom companion, in sickness, poverty, inward and outward distresses. For many a year I read it regularly as before stated, the New Testament especially, besides all my family and public reading. I read it on my knees before and after prayer. I thought on it sleeping and waking. It was my meat, drink and medicine; those were days which 'tried men's souls; fighting without and fears within,' Christ and my Bible were my all.

Before I was 29 I occasionally attempted to preach; at 31, regular travelling, I travelled many a long year through the wilderness and the village, I lodged in the cabin, farm, and mansion house, I preached in the log hut, the open wood, and the high steeple house. My congregation was from four to five thousand. The success that I met with will be known in a coming day. I have risen and fallen and risen again; I have waded through the deep waters of affliction. All its billows have gone over me, deep call-eth unto deep, lover and friends are put

far from me, mine acquaintance in the dust, my kinfolks have failed. I am almost alone, my head is blossoming for the grave, I have no certain dwelling place, neither storehouse nor barn, a stranger and a pilgrim on earth, I am on the road that leads to Canaan. I am far advanced on my journey; my heart, my treasure, my friends and my home are in yonder world beyond the swelling floods of Jordan's stormy banks; 'tis there I hope to rest my weary soul.

I still love my Bible; it looks more and more precious; I cannot do without it. My old pocket-Bible, this is most precious to me. I have had it upwards of twenty years, carried it with me constantly; it is like myself, weatherbeaten and worn: still I love it; there is none like it. It is yet legible; hundreds of passages in it are 'pencil marked;' on these I have tried to preach, on them I have written, meditated and prayed, over them I have wept, over them I have sorrowed, bordering on despair, over them I have rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, over them I have shouted till I have made the wilderness and solitary place ring with loud acclamations of praise to God and the Lamb.

I sit down all alone in my little study, "'tis all I have;" I take up my good old Bible, (praised be the Lord for eyesight) and begin to read it. It is as new as ever; it is a library itself to me, it speaks volumes; the opening of it brings to my recollection scenes of years gone by. I have read commentaries from Coke to Clarke, from Scott to the Comprehensive Commentary. I have gone over Wesley, Fletcher, and a host of other books on divinity, memoirs, and all other religious books within my reach, and after all, if I wish to know any thing with certainty about God, Christ or Christianity, I have to go to my good old Bible. I read; if I do not understand, I pray; if all is not clear, I pray again; a light shines upon the sacred page, my understanding is opened, my memory strengthened and quickened, thoughts rush in upon me, they stretch onward and upward, deeper and broader, backward and forward; they rise higher and higher, till I am lost in wonder, love and praise; the fire kindles up in my soul, the north and south wind blow upon it, it burns deep and large; unbelief, sin, Satan, self and the world have all disappeared, my Saviour

stands by my side; angels hover over the place, God is all around me, 'tis heaven's gate, 'tis God's own hour, I feast on angels' food, the bread of heaven, I forget who I am, what I am, and where I am, in the body or out, in the world or out of it, all my cares, toils, troubles and sorrows. Here I enjoy God, I see him, I talk with him face to face, I see Jesus, he is mine and I am his, 'tis a heaven below, 'tis eternal life begun. I am unspeakably happy and unutterably full of glory and of joy. I gradually wake from my reverie, I come to myself, I calmly look around and find myself in my room, in my writing chair with my Bible in my hand, my face bathed in tears, my soul full of joy; I exclaim aloud, blessed forever blessed be the Lord for the Bible.—*Zion's Herald*.

London Breweries.

I have been to see a brewery; it is in size the fourth in London, and only about half as large as two others, which I shall perhaps see by and by. It belongs to Whitebread & Co., and is the same where George III. dined and reckoned how far the barrels would reach if placed end to end. It belonged once to the Thrales; and Dr. Sam Johnson, playing the auctioneer, with pen and inkhorn by his side, spoke of its coppers and vats as "the potentiality of amassing wealth beyond the dreams of avarice,"—all of which, is not recorded in the chronicles of Boswell! The father of the present Mr. Whitebread was a great man in Parliament, but slew himself miserably on the occasion of some family troubles. And I think all the brewers should do as much, if they could see and hear all the family trouble produced by their vile liquids. But to the brewery: It is a city in itself; a congregation of dingy masses, confined architecture.

There are steam engines (one, a curious old machine set up by Watt himself,) mills for grinding malt, mash tubs—little utensils holding only a few hundred barrels, in which they stir up the broth of stupidity—coppers to brew in, large enough to cook an elephant soup, in which might swim a dozen elephants whole, once heated by fires underneath, but now by high steam, generated in a series of seven boilers, all of which are kept far more than boiling hot by the trifle of 4000 tons of coal per annum. Here

are fermenting vats and bins, and tubs. We were shown into one of the fermenting rooms, which was arranged to resemble a church. It would hold 2000 full grown Christian people, and I believe held ten times that number of evil spirits. The lofty galleries were filled with vats, in which the liquid was reeking and foaming with its filthy yeast, the first stage of its fermentation. The body of the house was full of tubs as big as a couple of hogsheads, each arranged along aisles, up half way to catch the spume. So all this mighty congregation of hogsheads, with a broad lip stuck out from the top of each, were spewing over into these aisles. When this process arrives at a certain stage, the liquid is drawn off into a room below, and bunged up for use.

In another room we were shown much larger vats, in which the process was commencing. They held from 500 to 1000 barrels. Our party of some twenty souls, men, women and children, stood on the upper head of one of them, and looked down through a glass skylight into the tormented liquid below. We passed into the cooperage where the barrels and butts are made of solid oak staves nearly two inches thick. We saw the storehouses of malt and hops. They consume here from 4 to 500 000 bushels of malt in a year, and how many tons of hops I have forgotten. But of the latter on account of constant variations of price, they keep an immense supply on hand. The vast store house was crowded with ranges of hop bales, fifteen or twenty feet high. The greatest wonder, however, was the building in which they store away their beer. To say nothing of its subterranean regions, in which there were long ranges of butts, and barrels, and kegs, ready to be carted off, to supply customers, and where there was an invisible cistern sunk in the ground, said to contain 4000 barrels; above ground, there were in one room eight iron-hooped, top and bottom, puncheons or tubs, standing on end, into each of which you might have let down a Boston four story house, and headed it in, chimneys standing! The capacity of each was 2000 barrels, more or less, and the whole would hold 16,000 barrels all under one roof, enough to sell for \$130 000. We also saw the stables of the mighty and monstrous horses that pull the enormous loads of beer through the streets. They are fat, and

yet do not drink beer. Each has his name printed on Japan, like a lawyer's shingle, over his manger. And the names of all the horses that are bought in the same year, begin with the same letter of the alphabet.—*Boston Chronicle.*

DISCOVERY OF AN ANTIQUE GEM.—The Mayor of Bath has been lately put in possession of a very splendid gem found in the earth at Cros-bands, once a Roman station. It is an agate of the color of light-grey brown, lineated, highly polished, and in perfect preservation. It is nearly an inch and a half in length, above an inch in diameter, and perhaps the fifth of an inch in thickness; presenting on its face a bust profile in relief of Pallas, or, as termed by the Latins, Minerva, and having over the helmet of the goddess an inscription in Greek capitals; both the head and the letters being exquisitely well engraved. The inscription would seem to imply that the jewel in question was the gift of a friend, wishing prosperity to the family and fortunes of the proprietor. This beautiful vestige of antiquity had, probably, been, as the phrase is, set open, and worn as a brooch. From its fine state of preservation, some have conceived it to be the production of a modern hand; but this is unlikely, because the design and carving are most masterly, and the artist of our day must have copied from some unknown original worthy of the purest age of Grecian taste.—*English paper.*

A WHITE BEAR KILLED.—A few months ago, the crews of some fishing vessels from York, Me., were on the coast of Labrador, where they killed an immense white bear, of the following dimensions: length from between the ears to the beginning of the tail, nine feet nine inches; girth around body, eight feet four inches; girth around ankle, one foot six inches; middle nail on one of the fore paws, seven inches.

It took eleven men to roll him off from the bank into the sea. Two flour barrels were filled with fat taken from between the hide and flesh. He was fired at fifteen times on a Saturday, but on Sunday he could not be found. On Monday he was seen on the shore, still alive, when he was attacked and killed by means of dogs and axes. There were eight ball-holes in him; one under his fore shoul-

der, from which, when he raised his paw to strike at the dogs, the blood would spirt out, although the wound was given on the Saturday before. His skin was preserved, but was so much injured in taking it off that nothing could be done with it.—*Advertiser.*

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE JESUITS.—The Society of Jesuits was established by a special bull of the Pope, Paul III. in 1540. They spread themselves as rapidly in Europe as they are now extending their power in the United States. They spread themselves also in Asia and Africa.—Africa first resisted their efforts, and the Copts and Abyssinians drove them out of the country as early as 1511.

They were banished from France in 1591, and again in 1846.

The Iroquois Indians drove them out of their country by force in 1682.

They were expelled from Russia once in 1719, and again in 1817.

They were driven out of Portugal in 1759, and from Spain in 1820.

In 1820 they were a third time expelled from Russia.—*SEL.*

HEALTH.—When any one is taken ill, his relatives or friends become extremely anxious to have his room properly ventilated; his clothes are frequently changed and carefully aired; his food properly regulated in quantity and quality; his skin cleaned and refreshed, his mind amused and tranquilized; his sleep sound and undisturbed; and his body duly exercised;—and they state as the reason of all this care, and most justly, that pure air, cleanliness, attention to diet, cheerfulness, regular exercise, and sound sleep, are all highly conducive to health. And yet, such is the inconsistency attendant on ignorance, that the patient is no sooner restored, than both he and his guardians are found to become as careless and indifferent in regard to all the laws of health, as if these were entirely without influence, and their future breach or observance could in no way affect him! Just as if it were not better by a rational exercise of judgment to preserve health when we have it, than first to lose it, and then pay the penalty in suffering and danger, as an indispensable preliminary to its subsequent restoration!—*SEL.*

A man's character may often be known by the hue of his nose.

AGRICULTURAL.

Interesting Facts in the History of Fruits.—At a meeting of the American Institute, some weeks since, Mr. D. J. Brown, author of the 'Trees of America,' submitted a very interesting paper, on the origin of various fruits

The origin of most of our common edible fruits, as well as that of our garden and field vegetables, is involved in great obscurity. The varieties, or races, have been greatly multiplied, either from a proneness to change from their original types, without any apparent cause, or from the influence of soil, climate, hybridization and culture, which, in some instances, are more or less accidental or temporary.

All the varieties of the Orange are believed to be derived from the same stock, although some are more acid, and others more bitter in their flavour. It is supposed to have been originally a native of the warmest parts of Asia, and has long since been acclimated to the more temperate and tropical countries throughout the globe. At present, it grows wild in Florida, Cuba, and other parts of America, where it has been produced from stocks originally introduced by the Spaniards from Europe. This wild fruit, in most cases, is small and of a bitter-sour, though in some instances it is large and sweet. According to Galesio, who described forty principal kinds of orange, as cultivated in Italy, the Arabs, when they penetrated India, discovered it there, and brought it to Europe by two distinct routes,—the sweet ones through Persia to Syria, and thence to the shores of Italy and the south of France, and the bitter ones by Arabia, Egypt, and the North of Africa, to Portugal and Spain.

The Wine Grape of Europe is generally considered to have originated in Persia, whence it was introduced to Egypt, Greece, Sicily, and afterwards to France, Spain, and parts of Europe. Its cultivation was probably among the earliest efforts of human industry; for we read that one of the first acts of Noah, after being saved from the deluge, was to plant a vineyard. This species, however, has existed for ages, in a wild state, in the woods and hedges of Provence, Languedoc, and Guienne, in France, where it differs from the cultivated vine in having smaller and more cottony leaves, and

very small fruit, rather austere than sweet. These wild vines which, were called by the ancients 'labrusca,' are still known in the south of France by the names of 'lambrusca and lambrusquiero;' but whether these vines are indigenous or have degenerated into their present wildness from those originally brought from the East, we have no means of knowing.

The vines originally brought to France from other countries, it is said, were not superior in quality to many of our native grapes, but have since been improved by cultivation: from which it may be inferred that, when a portion of the industry will have been bestowed upon our 'Catawba and Isabella,' that has for so many ages and by so many natives, been devoted to the melioration of the European grape, we shall no longer be indebted to the Old World. Hence we learn the importance of producing new varieties of our native grapes from seeds, by grafting or inoculation, and if possible by hybridization, and doubtless many valuable varieties would be the result.

The Almond was formerly classed in the same genus with the peach, of which it is regarded, by many, the parent, as trees have been found with almonds in a state of transition to peaches. Du Hamel states that the fruits of the peach-like-leaved almond (*Amandier-percher*) vary upon the same branch, from ovate to obtuse in their shape, with the husk rather fleshy, to ovate, compressed, acuminate, and the husk dry. And Mr. Knight, late President of the London Horticultural Society, considered the fruit called 'Tuberos,' by Pliny, as swollen almonds, having raised a similar one himself, by dusting the stigma of the almond flower with the pollen of the peach, which produced a tolerably good fruit.

The almond is indigenous to Syria and Northern Africa, and has been naturalized in most of the temperate regions of the globe. In a wild state, its fruit is sometimes found with bitter kernels, and at other times sweet.

Although the Nectarine is considered by some botanists as a distinct species, there can be but little doubt of their being derived from the same type, as the fruits of the peach, and that of the nectarine have both been found growing on the same branch; and even one instance is recorded, where the fruit had the smooth

surface of the nectarine on one side, and the downy skin of the peach on the other.

It is not certain in what part of the globe the peach tree was originally produced; for, although we have early accounts of its being brought to Europe from Persia, it does not follow from this, that it was one of the natural productions of that country. Pliny relates that it had been stated to possess venomous qualities, and that its fruit was sent into Egypt, by the Kings of Persia, by way of revenge, to poison the natives; but he treats this story as a mere fable, and considers it the most harmless fruit in the world. He expressly states that it was imported by the Romans from Persia; but whether it was indigenous to that country, or sent thither from a region still nearer the equator, we have no information.

The Apricot is indigenous to Armenia, Caucasus, the Himalayas, China and Japan. It is supposed, however, to have originated in Armenia, but Regnier and Sickler assign it a parallel between the Niger and Mount Atlas. Pallas considers it to be a native of the whole of Caucasus; and Thurberg describes it as a very large, spreading, branchy tree, in Japan.

It is the opinion of some authors that the common Domestic Cultivated Plum, and all its variations, as well as the Bullau Plum, originated from the common sloe of Europe. On this point, botanists do not agree.

The Apricot-like-plum (*Drap d'or*) is thought to be a hybrid between the wild plum and the wild apricot.

The Domestic Cultivated Plum is believed to be indigenous to the south of Russia, Caucasus, the Himalayas, and to many parts of Europe. Falkner makes it a native of Asia, and an introduction, into Europe, of the Crusaders.

The Common Garden Cherry is regarded by all ancient authors as of Asiatic origin; but whether it is truly indigenous to any part of Europe, modern writers differ in opinion. Pliny states that it did not exist in Italy till after the victory which Lucullus won over Mithridates, King of Pontus, 68 years. B. C.—He tells us that, "in 26 years after Lucullus planted the cherry-tree, in Italy, other lands had cherries, even as far as Britain, beyond the ocean." According to Abbé Rosier, Lucullus brought into

Italy only two superior varieties of cherry; the species which were the origin of all those now in cultivation, being, before his time, indigenous to Italy, and the forests of France, though their fruit was neglected by the Romans. At present, however, the common cherry is no where found in an apparently wild state, in any part of Europe or America, except near human habitations.

The Common Pear is indigenous to Europe, Western Asia, the Himalayas, and to China; but not to Africa nor America. Professor De Candolle describes two forms of the wild species, comparatively permanent, from which all of our cultivated varieties have been derived. The earliest writers mention the pear as growing abundantly in Syria, Egypt and in Greece; and it appears to have been brought into Italy from these places about the time that Sylla made himself master of the last named country, although there is but little doubt that the Romans had several kinds of this fruit long before his time.

Among the trees which Homer describes as forming the orchard of Laertes, the father of Ulysses, we find the pear. Theophrastus speaks of the productiveness of old pear-trees, the truth of which is verified by the trees of the present day. Pliny describes the varieties in cultivation in his time, as being exceedingly numerous, and says that a fermented liquor was made of the expressed juice; and Virgil mentions some pears which he received from Cato. According to Pownell, the pear was imported into Marseilles by the Phocian colonists, sometime during the middle ages.

The cultivated varieties of the common pear succeed both in the temperate and transition zones of the two hemispheres, and it is remarkable that this tree will perfect its fruit within the verge of the tropics, when grown at a proper elevation above the sea, at about the same period of the year as in Europe and the United States.

The common Apple Tree, or some allied species, grows spontaneously in almost every part of the northern hemisphere, except in the torrid and frigid zones, and some of the islands in the ocean. This tree, by itself, or conjointly with other species or races, is the parent of innumerable varieties and sub-varieties, generally known as 'cultivated apples.'

POETRY.

The Vicar.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste
Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the Green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath,
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Thro' clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle:
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagg'd all their tails, and seem'd to say,
'Our master knows you; you're expected.'

His sermons never said or show'd
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road,
From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd
them;
For all who understood admired
And some who did not understand them.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking:
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and lov'd to sit
In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
The clammy lips of Fever smiled
The welcome, which they could not utter.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled;
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage-entry;
It holds three hundred people more;
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,

Hic Jacet

GULIELMUS BROWN,
Vir nulla non donandus laura.

[*London Magazine.*]

Franklin — The Printer, Philosopher and Patriot.

He called down Lightning from the Sky;
And, e'er the Thunder made reply,
The flash, like inspiration, came,
Heaven's own pure fire through all his frame:
Not the dread bolt, whose sudden stroke
Prostrates the Tower or rends the Oak;
A touch, a pulse, a spark revealed
A secret from all ages sealed:
One trembling moment, in its flight,
Drew such a train of wondrous light,
That his rapt spirit seemed to pierce
The mystery of the Universe;
And scan the Power, which, like a Soul,
Informs, expands and rules the whole!
God's hidden minister, whose will
All Nature's Elements fulfil.

There standing, when the deed was done,
That victory of Science won,
He planted where his foot had trod
His conquering Spear—the Electric Rod!
A trophy, simple and sublime—
His monument, defying Time.

That was to him a glorious day,
Whose fame can never pass away;
Philosophy had triumphed there,
A nobler Wreath he lived to share;
He lived, a brighter day to see—
His country by the PRESS made free!
[*James Montgomery.*]

French Proverbs, Bon mots, &c.—

17. Voulez-vous ne jamais éprouver de résistance? faites-vous une réputation d'irrésistible.

18. Un homme d'esprit peut faire autant de sottises avec de l'argent qu'un sot peut faire d'argent avec sa sottise.

Translation of French Proverbs, &c., p. 368.

15. Where the eyes are, there is the heart. People turn their eyes away from what they do not like. A look is therefore almost always a mark of sympathy, good will or love.

16. Grammarians, moralists and rhetoricians are like guide-posts at cross-roads: they show others the road which they cannot follow.

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